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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

HELLEN AND HANNAH HINMAN

Hellen was born in 1844
Hannah was born in 1848

"A Pretty Fair View of the Elephent"

OR,

TEN LETTERS BY CHARLES G. HINMAN
WRITTEN DURING HIS TRIP OVERLAND FROM
GROVELAND, ILLINOIS, TO CALIFORNIA
IN 1849 AND HIS ADVENTURES IN
THE GOLD FIELDS IN
1849 AND 1850

Edited by

COLTON STORM

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

In 1954, I published a narrative of Daniel McLaughlin's trip from Omaha to the Salmon River and the gold fields of Eastern Oregon. A number of my friends who received the little book expressed their interest in such material and, consequently, this year I am sending them this series of letters by a "Forty-Niner." The original letters were acquired some years ago from my friend Miss Louise Stegner of Omaha. In her years of experience, Miss Stegner has searched for and discovered many interesting documents relating to the history of the Transmississippi West. I am grateful to her for sharing with me her historically valuable finds.

Mr. Storm and I are also grateful for the enthusiastic coöperation of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Biggs of Clarinda, Iowa; Clyde C. Walton of the Illinois State Historical Society; and Joseph C. Wolf of the Newberry Library in preparing these letters for publication.

I hope my friends who receive this little volume at Christmas time will think they, too, have enjoyed "a pretty fair view of the Eliphent."

EVERETT D. GRAFF

December, 1960

Introduction

"To see the elephant" was a common expression in the United States from the eighteen-forties through the -seventies. At first, it meant to see the world and gain worldly experience; later it was applied specifically to a trip to the California gold fields. The phrase was occasionally used during the Civil War, in the past tense, when one had been in battle. The overland migration of 1849 from the Mississippi River to California was, in every sense of the phrase, a great experience, and nearly all of those thousands of men, women, and children who took part in it had "a pretty fair view of the Eliphent."

Dale L. Morgan, in commenting on the quantity of material in print about the Gold Rush, concluded that although the mass of information is large, "much painstaking investigation will have to be undertaken, and many fortunate finds made, before we can feel that at any point we are approaching the limits of the subject." The present publication is a record of a "fortunate find" of a series of ten letters written on the trail to California and from the gold fields by an Illinoisan in 1849 and 1850. We hope the scholar who writes the definitive story of the 1849 Gold Rush will find something of value here.

Charles G. Hinman, the writer of this series of letters, was born in Connecticut on November 2, 1808, 1810, or

1811 (he gives all these dates at various times). Very little is known about him for any other period than the time he traveled from his home at Groveland, Tazewell County, Illinois, to California. During his trip he kept a Journal* and sent this series of ten letters to his family in Illinois. He may have been the Charles Hinman who operated a horse-powered sawmill in Tazewell County in 1830 although, since his elder son was born in New York in 1835, this is unlikely. His wife, Sarah H. was his junior by five years. At the time Charles went to California, there were five children in the family, Charles S., Josephine, Charlotte, Hellen[*sic*], and Hannah. They lived at Groveland, a post hamlet seven and one-half miles south-south-east of Peoria. Mrs. Hinman and four of the children probably did not remain in Groveland, for they are unlisted in the 1850 Census for Tazewell County; Charles S. is listed as a laborer in the household of the West family. That Charles G. Hinman was a man of some substance in his community in 1849 becomes obvious from both his letters and his journal. He apparently built his own wagon for the overland journey (he named it the "Groveland Belle"), yet he was able to buy supplies and oxen for cash before he set out and on the road, to buy out one of his partners, and to pay all necessary ferry costs without complaint.

His journal was started a few miles west of Peoria on April 2, 1849, and the last entry in California is dated March 24, 1850. The first letter was written to his wife

*The original diary is in the Western History Department, The Public Library, Denver, Colorado. We are grateful to the head of the department, Mrs. Alys Freeze, for a chance to consult it.

from St. Joseph on May 3, 1849, and the last from California on February 17, 1850. Through February and March, 1850, Hinman and his associates had made no great fortune and they may never have "struck it rich." Some time before September 1853, Hinman returned from California to Groveland, for on May 27, 1854, a second son was born to Sarah and Charles and named Edward B. Hinman. The family continued to live in Groveland for awhile and the senior Hinman was Supervisor of the Township of Groveland in Tazewell County in 1855. Four years later he had established the first carriage and wagon factory in Hawleyville, Page County, Iowa. Hawleyville, one of the earliest towns established in the county, is located seven miles northeast of Clarinda. It was then a flourishing town, but the railroad passed it by and it dwindled.

Charles G. Hinman lived in Hawleyville until his death on August 27, 1868. He is listed with his family in the 1860 Census, in which his occupation is given as carriage maker. His factory is not mentioned in the *Iowa State Gazetteer* for 1865. Sarah H. Hinman died at Clarinda in 1877. In 1865, at Hawleyville, Edwin Henshaw of Clarinda married Hannah Hinman, one of the two little girls whose portraits appear as a frontispiece to this volume. In 1872, after Hannah's death, Edwin Henshaw married Hellen Hinman, the other little girl in the frontispiece, and they lived in Des Moines. Josephine had married Joseph Lyford in 1855 and remained in Illinois. Charlotte probably died young. Charles S. Hinman, to whom one of the letters in the series was written is listed in both the 1860 and 1870 Censuses as a farmer at Hawleyville; later he lived in

Clarinda. His son, Royal G. Hinman, to whom the letters were given, moved to Omaha, where he lived from 1897 to 1936.

Only the years of Hinman's "view of the Eliphent" interest us, however, and the records of his great adventure are adequate. The journal, a manuscript of fifty pages, comprises a day-by-day account of miles traveled, scenery observed, the character of the water and grass available, the weather, etc. It is, for the most part, an impersonal record. The series of ten letters printed here is a good, personal record of an 1849 overland trip. The record is one of neither insuperable obstacles nor thrilling moments of danger; it is simply an account of how most of the thirty thousand emigrants traveled from the Mississippi to California during the summer of 1849. The tale is well told, even though Hinman's spelling and punctuation are erratic. I have retained both the original spellings and the strange capitalizations of words, but because the punctuation is so baffling in many places, I have re-punctuated the entire series of letters. A few duplicated words have been omitted; several words or parts of words (those which appear between square brackets) have been supplied. They are missing from the letters either because the writer neglected to write them out or because they were torn from the paper when the wax wafer which sealed the letter was broken. Footnotes have been kept to a minimum, since almost everything in the letters is self explanatory.

All of the letters except the third are addressed to Mrs. Sarah G. Hinman, Groveland, Tazewell County, Illinois. The address leaf with postal markings is present

in each case except one. The third letter is addressed to the writer's son, Charles S. Hinman.

Mr. Graff's advice and encouragement were invaluable in the preparation of this introduction and the notes for the text. To all those generous friends who found answers to questions go the warmest thanks of the editor,

COLTON STORM

St Joseph, May 3ed, 1849.

Dear Sarah:

I received yours yesterday, by Hughs,[1] and was much Gratifyed to learn that you all are in so Good Health. I commence a letter to day because I have a little spare Time. Yesterday we was verry Buisey packing Flour, Cleaning up &c. Our Bacon has not come yet. It will in a day or two; then we shall have a muss[2] again, and get across the River as soon as posable as the Feed for Oxen is better and we are less liable to sickness on the other side. There is some colera[3] and Small Pox here. I do not Fear it however. I go wherever duty or Buisness calls me. Hughes had an Attack of Cholera on the Boat, but has almost recovered. Our mode of Life will make him Hearty. Crandall of Peoria lost one of his men of Cholera by the name of Kingsley. Another Boat that came in to this port at the same time they did lost Eleven men from St Louis up with the same dissease.

You wish to know how I enjoy myself. Just imagine yourself in my situation and under the same circumstances, and your Immagination will answer [the] Question. We have had some disagreeable wether, some bad Roads and Weary Limbs since we left, but not any thing to what we expect too. I have been into but 3 Houses except Burtons[4] since I left. I am getting used to the Lin[5] Boards for Fethers. My shoulders and hip

Bones complained a little at first, but I have slept on nothing but the Ground or boards with one Blanket under me since I left. I should be glad to see you all, but my stakes are set for Two Years. I think I fully realize my situation. I know that my path is, and will be, surrounded with dangers, But I do not fear to Die, and if it is the will of Providence that I shall not return, I hope I shall cheerfully submit.

Chum[6] is Quite a Favorite. I heard the Sunday I went to Peoria that a Capias[7] was out for me, but I staid til Monday 10 oclock and heard no more of it and saw no more of Chums Claimants. I Concluded that Barns had turned his attention to Hughes and since Hughes arrival I find it was the case. But I was a little fearful I should meet Him at Canton. I got to Canton just at Night and staid til next morning.

It has just commenced Raining (9 oclock) I think for all day. If it continues I may fill this sheet; if I do I will write again before I leave. A few Lines from Mr Breden in yours was verry acceptable, but I am sorry if my comeing away on Sunday Causes Him diffculty. And as for Walker and others of his stamp, I care as little for them as I do for Barns, and although I firmly believe the Prayers of the Righteous availeth much, I as firmly believe the Five dollars H. Hancock gave me will avail me more in going throug my Journey than the Prayers of Walker and the whole Cabinet on Deacon St would for two Years. Give my Respects to Breden and Wife and all others that you know I do Repect.

Hughes sayes my second Girl expects a Pony. I shall bring them all something Fine if they are Good and

try to help their Mother. I will leave it to your discretion to send to school or not, if you think it right under the circumstances and feel Able to send I have no objection. Your Letter by Hughes is all I have received since I left Home, but I thought some others would write. Gay promised He would.

Jackman[8] and Horrace[9] are in good Health and have got another Partner. The OBrien[10] Boys stand the Trip so far well. Jackman and I will subscribe for the St Joseph Gazette for six months. One of the Editors is going across the Plains this Spring and will Report back and we think that we can not spend 50^{cts} each that will gratify our Families more than by sending them the Paper. We will send it to Sam but you will be Entitleed to one half of it.

As near as I can Judge from the information I can get there will be about 50,000[11] People attempt to cross the Plains this season. There is 12 crossing places on the Missouri. I think about 1400 Teams will cross at this Place; about 500 have crossed allredy. I think about one ⅓ of those who start to go through will back out. A great many are doing so now, and about ⅓ will Die. They deserve too before they start and some of them are dying. A large majority of the Californians are desperate Fellows and they practice most all kinds of crime, and of course they will, in many instances, pay the Penalty before they get through.

We have been as regular in our Habits as circumstances would allow. [We] are generly in Bed about 8 oclock. I weighed the day I left Peoria 135 lbs. I stept on the scales when I got here and weighed almost 141 making a gain of nearly 6 lbs in 4 weeks. I lay it to the

good cakes my Female Friends furnished me with. Shall not forget them when I get to the Gold dust. The cakes lasted nearly 3 weeks. We had just got out of Flour and Hams as Hughes come. You can judge of our Appetite when you think of 3 of us Eating in 4 weeks 100 lbs Flour, 100 lbs Hams, Bacon, and Beef, with what Eggs and Potatoes we wanted, the cakes you saw, and a Bag full Mrs OBrien sent. But our Labor and Fatigue have been some. We missed it in sending by Water. There is 3 steam mills here. Flour four dollars the Barrel, Bacon smoked four dollars pr-hundred cheaper than we bought at Home, and more things than we had Dreamed of, and as cheap as Hughs bought in St Louis.

We shall try to get across the river this week, but shall not make a final start short of a week or 10 days. It is about 60 miles of Timber and Prairie to the Plains and they are 13 or 1400 miles across, and then about 7 or 800 miles through the Mountains. The 357 miles we have come we consider but a small beginning. I shall continue my Travels to Charly, evry opertunity, and if I should not Live to return, He may not be sorry if He keeps them. Tel Damy I shall not forget Her Kindness. I hope your Letter will come before I start. I think if you write by the 1st July, if I get through at all, it will be as soon as the Letter will.

I[t] is about clearing off though & we will have a shower towards Night. It is now about Noon. I am writing on one of Crandalls stoves [which] we brought to our camp for Him Yesterday. His Teams have not come in yet; [he] is looking for them to day. About 100 Teams at the Ferry all the time. As soon as one is gone

his place is filled. 2 Boats running take across 40 Teams in 12 hours and they run all Night. I have to close. Will write again. Promised Charley[12] to give a description of a chiefs dress but [not] now.

I shall go or send to Town to day and will have this on the way. Have not Time to look it over. Guess, when you find a mistake.

I am much gratifyed with the Childrens Gifts. Shall keep them. Ben sayes he is going down Town. I tel him hold on and I will send this by him, and he is waiting.

Your's only

C. G. Hinman

The most that Troubled me on the Road was the Fear of Bad news from Home, when I would get here. I Feared for Your Health.

Think every Night of a thousand things to write, but forget them now. But may you be Blessed and preserved til I return is the Wish of Your affectionate Husband

C. G. Hinman

St. Joseph, May 8th 1849.

Dear Wife:

I learned from Mr Hains last night that you was well the 25th April. He received a Letter from his Wife. Haines and Crandall and all my acquaintance are receiving Letters from their friends and Families, but the one Hughes brought is all I have received since I left Home. As St Joseph is the last place that I can

receive Letters for many months I did think some of my Friends (if not my Family) would write to me, but I have been to the office every other day and as often am disapointed and I can not but co[n]clude where there is so much indifference about writing there must be as much about hearing from me.

Where I shall be, or on what Route, when you receive this God only knows. The Pioneers[13] are holding a meeting now at 2 oclock on a mound near the River. Some are for going the Santa Fe Route (and I am convinced, in view of the Great numbers that have gone the Route we are on) that the Santa Fe is the route we ought to take, but Hughes sayes he will not go that route. He wants to back out but wants us to pay him the money down. We have offered him our Notes with Interest, but he will not take them. He pours down cholera drops, camphor, Laudnum, Brandy, or something all the time, which would make any of us sick, and my opinion is he will not Live to get through if he attempts it, but he will not attempt it. He only wants an excuse, and if we go the Santa Fe route it will be an excuse. He was so Frigtened he staid in St Louis only long enough to buy our Sugar, Coffee, and Rice. He left the Bacon with one man, gave money to another to buy Sea Bread, to another to buy soap and candles, and what little Freight he brought with him is all we have received. We shall wait one day more and if they dont come we shall buy here and go on and loose them. From what Garrett and Crandall of Peoria told me he has not the Nerve to stand the Journey and perils. [He] cried all one day on the Boat for Fear he should die.

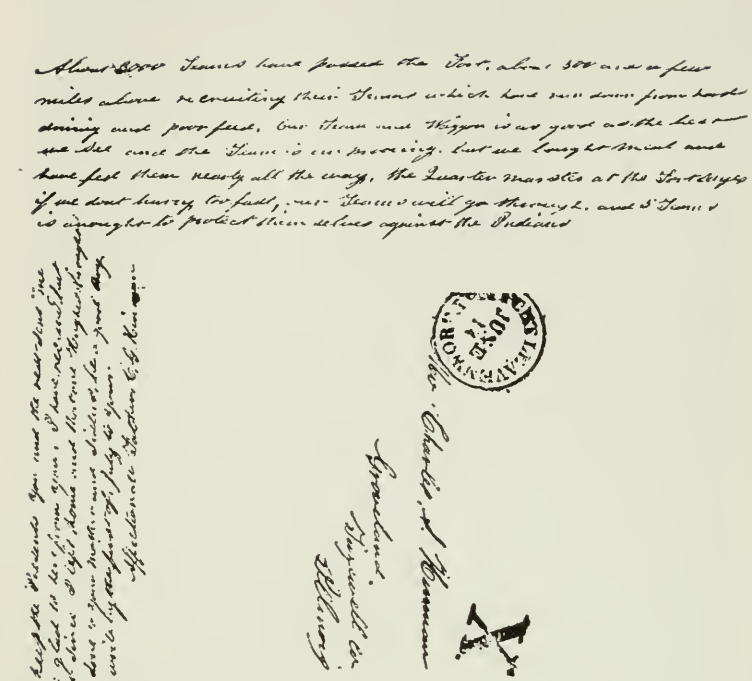
We are about the 20th Team from the Ferry; yester-

day morning the 70th. We crowd up as fast as [we] can. 300 Teams [are] waiting to get over.

A Boat was to leave for St Louis about sun down and as Holland of Washington[14] had Freight below, he said he would go down and see about it and ours. But just as the Boat was leaving, he came and told me he could not go and I must go. I had but just time to snatch up my coat and get on board before she left. 65 miles to Weston[15] by Water, 30 by Land. Got in there the next morning at 8 oclock and found our Bacon and Sea Bread was shipt the night before. And now to get back. The Stage had left and but one Boat in, and she had lost over 40 passengers with the cholera since she left St Louis. She was crowded full and I thought I would take the Land Route. Started on foot at 9 oclock and got to St Joes at ½ past 5 with confident expectation of finding a Letter as it was the day for the mail, but I was doomed to be dissapointed, and I will not attempt to paint to You my feelings or how much I felt hurt that I must go from here and not be noticeed by a single one that I left behind.

I found my mess across the River and 6 miles out, a good dayes walk for me. Crandall, Hains and others in No 32 have withdrawn from the pioneers and started for Santa Fe. Was sorry to part with Hains. Not likely I see him again unless it be in Illinois. Hughes has laid in the Tent all day while we have been packing our Loading. He has mixed the Bread for us once only, and when we travel rides in the waggon. What we shall do with him I dont know.

It [is] now nearly Night. Ben[16] is going to St Joes for a few thing[s] and I can send this in by him. To morrow



Address leaf of Hinman's letter dated from Fort Childs, May 27, 1849, showing postal markings.

we start again, and before another Eastern mail gets [here] I shall be far beyond the reach of it. The ballan[ce] of the pioneers are here and will Travel to gether. I am writing on a Barrel head and it [is] rough and uneaven. Dont know as you [will] be able to make out what I write. I think I shall occasionally write to Charley, but when I write with the expectation of getting an answer it will be to some one that I think will answer it. We have had a hard dayes work and I cant write as much as I would be glad to. Ben is ready to go and I must stop, and it may be I have censured you to much allready for not writing, but you should immagine yourself in my circumstances and think whether you would like to hear from your family. I send my respects to all and Love to Yourself and Children.

Cha^{s}. G. Hinman

Fort Childs,[17] May 27th 1849.

Dear Son:

I have had opertunities to send Letters but no time to write them. Until we left St Joes we was verry buisey prepareing to leave and settleing with Hughes &c. We gave Hughes our Notes with Interest payable when we return, allowed him for all he said he had paid, though he had no receipts to show that he had paid any thing, 5 dollars he said he gave to Philips[18] to buy candles and soap with, but we have not seen Philips, candles, nor soap, but we allowed it, and then we gave 3 dollars to have him carried back to St Joes and glad to get him off our hands so. I get along with Ben and Jesse first

rate. They are willing to bear their proportion of all the burthens and that is all I ask.

We have had good health the most of the time since I wrote, but there has been many Deaths in some of the Companies, mostly of cholery. Some 6 or 8 have shot them selves pulling their Guns from their waggons. Our Company dont allow of Guns or Pistols to be carried in the waggons with the caps on. We have 20 Waggons and 60 men in our company. We generly start in the morning at 6 oclock, travel til 11, stop 1½ hours, then travel til from 5 to 6. We drive our waggons at night in a circle leaving a hollow of about 5 rods in diametar. The forward team drives up, then the next with the team in side the forward waggon, and far enough ahead to fasten the tung to the hind wheel, and so on with the train, which leaves the Oxen enclosed, and in case of an attack from the Indians, we can soon form an enclosure for our Oxen, and all we will have to do will be to defend our selves. As soon as the Currill[19] is formed we on yoke the oxen and 4 men drive them out of an opening (left for the purpose) between the forward and hind waggons. They herd them out til dark, when they are drove in and tied to stakes drove in the ground. The stakes commence 8 feet from each waggon and run towards the centre of the ring. By haveing the oxen a little distance from the waggons, it gives us room to Fight with our waggons between us and the enemy. Arfter the oxen are secureed 4 men stand guard out side til 12 oclock, then 4 more are called who stand til 3, then they call for the Oxen to be loosed and each mess have to get up and untie their oxen. Then 4 men drive them out to feed til 6,

when they are drove in and yoked. It takes 16 to herd and guard each day, and we drive about 20 miles, leaving but little time to play. If I had a good Horse and owned the whole outfit and was released from the burthens of the Journey, I should enjoy it much, and as it is I enjoy it. There is something exciting all the time. The first 2 dayes arfter we left the missourie River we saw a few Indians. There is a Govonment Agent lives 30 miles from St Joes, also a Catholic mission, about ½ dozen houses in all.[20] There we saw the last Indians selling moccasins to Emigrants. They looked filthy, had on Blankets that were fastened tight round their throat an[d] come down to their ancles and moccasins.

The most Beautiful country I ever saw is up the little Blue River. It is nearly level, dry, and the soil good. The stream is about 60 ft wide and 6 deep, runs swift, and has a small strip of timber, Cotten wood, willow and occasionally a small cluster of White Oak. I saw no place where it over flows, and it is full of Catfish. We [c]rossed the wright fork of it. We got to the Platt River Friday noon and to where we now are yesterday noon and shall not leave til to morrow [(]monday). We struck the Platt 20 miles below the head of Grand Island and 12 below the Fort. The Island is 52 miles long and about 2 wide and the most of it is timbered with Cottenwood and Elm. The Fort is about 1 mile from our camp in plain sight. I Ha[ve] not been to it, but am told there is 8 or 10 Houses, Store, sm[all] Shop &c. The mail is carried from here to the States every month.

We are in the Pawnee Country but most of them

have gone south a Hunting, as it is too early for the Buffalo to come north. We occasionally see an Antelope and am told when we get a week further ahead wee will find Buffalo. There is no Timber this side the Platt for 90 miles above. We are cooking anough to last us and shall take along anough [wood] to boil our coffee with. By driving a little from the road we have found wood anough for [our] purposes. It is 280 miles from here to St Joes and we have not passed through 5 rods of timber in all since we left the timber on the missourie River. Last 2 weeks have been so cold, we have worn over coats. We have been running North a good deal and up hill which accounts, I suppose, for the cold wether. The Platt is the Swiftest running stream I have seen and is thick with sand. It is high now, runs over in many places, but the water runs in again soon and makes little Island[s]. The Banks in the highest places I have seen is not above 2½ ft above the water. The bottom as far as we have come is about 6 miles wide, and so level you can see a man anywhere on it. Should the River rise 3 ft higher it would overflow the whole Bottom. The Bluff is nothing, round sand Hills and but little higher than the bottom. The River above the Island is said to be ¾ of a mile wide, and from what I hear I should judge it runs about as swift as Roes sawmill.

About 3000 Teams have passed the Fort.[21] About 500 are a few miles above, recruiting their Teams which have run down from hard driving and poor feed. Our Team and Waggon is as good as the best we see and the Team is improoving, but we bought meal and have fed them nearly all the way. The Quarter marster[22] at

the Fort sayes if we dont hurry too fast our Teams will go through, and 5 Teams is anought to protect themselves against the Indians.

I shall keep the Presents you and the rest sent me. Should be glad to here from you. I have received but one Letter since I left home and that one Hughes brought. Give my Love to your Mother and Sisters, be a good Boy and write by the first of July to your

Affectionate Father
C. G. Hinman

There is an Eterrnal wind in this country so strong we had to pack away our Hats and wear our caps. If a Hat blows off it [is] useless to go arfter it unless you are on a fleet Horse.

The next Fort is about 340 miles from here and is Fort Laramie. I shall write from there and perhaps sooner.

The mule Teams find they cant get through with their large waggons and are selling out and packing their mules. Waggons that cost 125 dollars are selling for 20 and 30 dollars, Bacon one cent a pound, Lead one cent a bar, other things in proportion.

June 7th, 1849.

Dear Wife:

A Mail carrier from the Salt Lake has just stopt at our camp, and offers to wait half an hour for one dollar and fifty cents and six of us have agreeed to pay it. He will take this as far as St Josephs Mo. Our folks are

all well. Jackman is well. We are within 170 miles of Fort Laramie. It is a Beautiful day and we have stopt to clean up, air our loading, &c. We are a few rods from the right fork of Grand River on the south side and 50 miles above the Junction with the South fork. We have got along verry well [and] stand the hardships of the Trip about as well as I expected to. The Wether has been verry cold especially at nights. My time is nearly up but I will keep on til hee sayes stop. I hope you and the children will not forget the Relationship we bear each other, and that you may prosper til I return is my Prayer.

I suppose we are behind about 3000 Teams. How we will get through the mountains we cant Guess, and how soon I will have another opertunity of writing I dont know but will improve the first. Our Team looks well. The Gnats have troubleed us some. They bit Jesse so his Face and head was much swolen and he could not do any thing for a day or two, but he [is] nearly well.

We have a pleanty of Buffalo, Dear, and Antelope and some exciting races after them. Tuesday last, while eating dinner, we saw 4 Buffalo crossing the River 2 miles below. We gave chase and killed them all. No timber in this country except a few cottenwoods and Willows on the Island, which we have to wade for. Some of our company have used Buffalo chips for fuel but we have not been compelled to and I dont think we will. The valley of the Platt is Beautiful, from 4 to 8 miles wide, and the atmosphere is so clear a man 10 miles off looks almost as large as life.

I should be glad to see you all, but would not return

with out going through for the value of Groveland. The carrier is waiting. Yours with Affection. Hope you write.

C. G. Hinman

Fort Laramie, June 17th, 1849.

Dear Wife:

I have an opertunity of sending you a Letter by paying 25cts if the fellow dont lie. I sent you one on the 7th but you may not get it. We have got along as well as I expected to. Have turned our Waggon over once and broke 3 bows, 2 stakes and my Rifle. It was close by an Indian Traders and Black smith shop, and it hapened one of our company was taken with the cholera at the same time, which caused us to camp, and during the arfternoon we had every thing in repair. The man Died about 10 oclock the same night (last Thursday). We buried him at 8 oclock the next morning with as much decency as if he had been in the States, put a sand stone up with his name, Age, &c cut on it, and left him. He was a young man and left a Wife and one child in Indian Town, Ill. His name was Dunn. You will probbably hear exagerated accounts of cholera on our route. It is true it is sweeping off many, but I think not any more than it would from the same number if they were at home. Benjm., Jesse, Horrace, Jackman, and all of us are a little unwell occasionally, but we are as prudent as we well can be. We are alwayes up at 3 oclock in the morning and generly go

to Bed from 9 to 10, which leaves us but 6 hours rest, and out of that we have to stand our proportion of Guard.

7 Teams have withdrawn from our Company leaving but 15 Teams and 46 men, and I wish one half of them would withdraw as the larger the Train, the more time it consumes in starting, stopping, crossing Streams, &c. Fort Laramie is 1½ miles above the junction of the Laramie and Platte Rivers. We are camped just below the Fort. Forded Laramie River, a swift stream 200 ft wide and 3½ deep, had to put blocks under the Bodies and on the Bowlsters 6 inches to raise the Bodies above the water. Got across at 12 oclk and shall stay here til morning when we shall moove on a few miles. We dont camp two nights on the same ground. I shall write again as soon as I have an opertunity of sending it.

Our company have not decided whether they will go by Fort Hall or through the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake. The largest crowd go the latter route, but we fear we shall suffer for Grass on that route. It is said there never was such [a] Grass season here before, nor such a cold, wet one. Our cattle are in good condition. When the sun shines in the middle of the day, we are more comfortable with our coats off, but we need them on at night and often two. We sleep in our clothes, except our Hats, Coats, and Boots, and under two quilts. The water up the Platte is not good. We occasionally find a good spring, but usually use the water from the Platte or dig a hole from 2 to 4 ft deep and water will run in shortly. Our Roads have been the best (for the length), I suppose, that can be found in the United States, but we are told we will pay for it ahead.

Chum keeps fat. I have seen a great many dead Dogs by the way, and am told that but few live to travel over 600 miles, but I dont allow Chum to run about. [I] tie him under the Waggon every night, and I think he will stand it through. We Washed last night, thinking we might want to write to day. Brought our Clothes along wet, and have them out drying, and I must attend to them soon. Cannot write as much as I would for lack of time. I keep a Journal of each dayes travel, the wether andc, but cant write to Charley on account of my time being ocupied and I dont know whether he was pleased with what I did write. I should like to hear from you all, but do not expect to in a good while, if ever, but dont see why I may not and have good Luck in every thing, for I have seen all the new Moons over my right shoulder, but my mind is made up to take what comes with the best grace I can.

One of our men (a Universal minister) has just returned from the Fort. Saw a Trader there who sayes if we keep mooving and loose no time, we can get throug[h] without difficulty, but the last of the Emigrants must suffer for want of Grass and Water, and I fear the last end of the Train will suffer much from sickness. Our man that died walked 8 miles and had 15 operations of the Bowels before he took medicine, and then it was too late and he Liveed but 12 hours after he made his situation known. He has a Brother and Uncle in our company.

I dont fear for any of You except from the cholera, but I fear that will thin the ranks of Illinoians more than the Gold Fever has. It is a satisfaction to me to know that You have Physitions convenient. We have

one in our company. I have no more time now. Tel my Friends [they are in] my thoughts dayly.

Ever Yours

C. G. Hinman

City of the Lakes, July 20th, 1849.

Dear Sarah:

I got to this place yesterday at 4 oclock, found the mail is to start for the States at 12 to day, and I will write you as much as [I] can get time to. You will wonder why we took this route, if I dont tel you. When we commenced crossing the Black hills we found the Grass verry scarce and our Oxen began to fail. Up the Platte and the Sweet water, the Bottoms are narrow and the Grass was ate off close to the ground. Then, over the South pass, 4 dayes travel to Paciffic Spring 3 miles over, there was scarcely any Grass at all, thence to little Sandy River 23 miles no water and but little Grass. Here we saw a man just from Big Sandy 12 miles. He said there was no Grass there. From Big Sandy to Green River is 35 miles without water or Grass.

We had ascertained that the Mormons had sent out 100 teams to the mines this Spring and was told that the Grass was good on this route, and as the Roads forke here (at little Sandy) we determined to take this route, but could not prevail on the whole Company to do so. Some were afraid the Mormons were not teling the truth. Some thought there would be more danger

from the Indians, and they all reminded me of a man in Iowa, when teling us of a better and shorter road, "I dont suppose" (sayes he) "you will take it, for where the first Californian went, they will all follow [even] if he went to the Devil." And so it is, the great crowd all follow each other up and try to get ahead, and in so doing they are killing their Oxen by hundreds.

Some of our company that started with 4 good Yoke of Oxen have but two yoke left, and some have left their waggons and hiched their teams together. We have taken all the care of our teams we could and have not lost any of them yet, [but we] have sold some Bacon and thrown off our Side Boxes, Partitions, extra bolts, &c. We have seen a great deal of Provision thrown away, a great many dead Oxen, and a good deal of sickness. Our health has been good generly. Jesse was sick 8 or 10 dayes over the Black hills and up the Platte. We thought for 2 or 3 dayes we would loose him but we kept the cholera off and he is well now.

There was a couple of men from neare Chicago with one team, Holland Wood, Tucker and Collins from Washington with another, Jackman and Horrace, and our Team, making 4 Teams is all that withdrew from the Company, and we left 19 Teams with the Boat. They agreed to sell the Boat at Green River and save our proportion of the avails of it. A man and Son from Missourie by the name of Abbot (Brother in Law to Elder Phelps) has joined us on the Road.

We have got just about two thirds of the way to the Diggings from home, have come 16 hundred miles and 750 to go. We strike the Fort Hall road 120 miles beyond the Fort. By taking this route we get along 400 miles,

go no further and get good Grass. We think we shall get on to the Big road with our Teams so well recruited that we can get through without much loss. But the roads are some. Some Hills 12 miles up and 18 down. Day before yesterday, we had to lock both hind wheels and hich 3 Yoke of Oxen to the hind Axletree to hold the waggon back for ¾ of a mile, and yester we was over an hour comeing one mile up a Hill. Chum keeps fat but cant stand it long without water, but I shall provide for him. We see Indians only about every 400 miles; they dare not show themselves.

The 4th we was in the South Pass, spent half the day in burning Powder, getting the best dinner we could, drinking Ice and snow water, and some mixed something else with it. In the morning we found Ice in our Buckets nearly ½ inch thick, and the 5th (the day we went over the Pass) we went over snow banks 12 feet deep. Have seen large quantities of snow on the mountains every day for a month and often have it to mix with our water at Noon. I keep on two shirts, drawers, vest, and pants all the time, but take off my coat in the middle of the day and at Night when I go to bed. Change shirts every week and once in 2 or 3 weeks have on now the drawers Mrs Hancock gave me. Shall give Her a good dayes work if I live to get to the mines. Boots and Pants dont last long on this route, but the rest of our clothing wear out slow.

Cant give you a Journal of our Travels now but I keep one for every day.[23] Will read it to You in the long winter evenings when I get back. I think we have had a pretty fair view of the Eliphent, but from accounts expect to get a much nearer sight when we climb

the Serra Nevada Mountains, but we shall then be near the end of our Journey.

I want you to write all the particulars about how you get along, about Aunt Ruths Family, about Hughes, and all the changes that have and are taking place among the Neighbours. I dont expect to go to the City of San Francisco this fall. The mines are from 2 to 3 hundred miles this side. But direct your Letters there and I can have them forwarded to the Office nearest to us. I have not heard from Home since I left St Joes. I would like to verry much and yet I dread to on account of the cholera and other sickness. I shall not have another opertunity that [I] know of writing til I get through.

This City is at the South end of Salt Lake, is laid off verry Pretty, about 4 miles square, and has about 7000 Inhabitants. Houses mostly small, some built of mud, some of Logs, and some of unburnt Brick. They are building a verry nice Council House of stone. I went directly to the Post Office where I enquired for, and was directed to, the old Man Riches. He knew me but had forgot my name. Staid with him an hour and agreed to call again before I leave Town which will be to morrow morning. We are now at the uper end of Town and have got 2 Boys to herd our cattle at 2 cents a head.

This is a Beautiful vally surrounded with mountains, some of them covered with snow, and yet it [is] verry warm here. Snow falls from 6 to 18 inches here. The Lake has two large mountains in it. The Mormons have large herds of cattle on the neares[t]. The water is not swimming deep to the first, but [it] is many miles. No

Fish, but in the Utah Lake and the out let (or River Jordan the Mormons call it) is a pleanty of Fish. The out let is a large stream and runs 1½ miles West of the city. Many large streams empty their waters with a perfect rush into Salt Lake which has no out let.

Tel Rulandus I have within a few dayes caught lots of Trout.

Tel John Thomas Dobson is at Council Bluffs, Mo.

Our Labours are not so hard as they are constant. A good place for a lazy man without a Horse. He must root, Pig, or die.

Readings Diggins,[24] Oct 7th, 1849.

Dear Wife:

I take the first opertunity to let you know of my safe arrival here and all the pioneer company (since I last wrote) except Mr Jackman who Died August 31st of what He supposed to be Irrecipalis, but I have learned since that it was the Scurvy. His feet and legs commenced swelling and turning purple til they got so large and sore that (for the last four weeks) he was oblieged to ride in the Waggon, and the last week we had such poor water and [it] so affected his Bowels that he could not recover. Doct Greenman of Indian Town, Ill.[25] attended on him. A short time before he Died he was walking about. I had been out nearly all day a Hunting, had killed an Antelope, and stept to his waggon to see if he would have a piece. He said he did not know whether [he] could eat any or not. He felt

faint. I gave Horrace some and told him to make some Broth. Soon after I heard Jackman call Horrace and I stept to him. He said he felt cold and thought he should have a chill. Horrace got into the Waggon and covered him up. In about ten minutes Horrace called to me and said he believed Jackman was Dead. I told him to run for the Doctor (who was but a few rods off) and we took him from the waggon immediately but could not save him. This was about a half hour before the sun went down.

We pitched our Tent over him, Shaved, washed, and Dressed him for the Grave the same night. The next day we lay by, made a Box of his and our waggon decks and partitions and Buried him in it in the middle of the Road at one oclock.[26] We put all his Old Clothes on top of the Box. Every thing else belonging to him Horrace brought through and we shall see that they are disposed of to the best advantage, and Horrace will become accountable for the amount they bring. I made a little sketch of the road in my Journal while others were digging the Grave and took the distances from the Spring and ledge of Rock and sutch notes that I can describe the place so a stranger can find it.[27]

We come on to the main road from Salt Lake behind every pioneer Team, but our Teams had so well recruited that we soon passed them and but one of the company got to the mines in advance of us, and he came by Salt Lake. Only about one half the Oxen and Waggons of our Company got through. Some left their waggons and doubleed Teams. Others were oblieged to leave their all except what they could pack on their backs. And yet ours is considered a fortunate company

in comparrison to the most of them. We traded two Yoke of Oxen for one at the Lake. We got a splendid Yoke of cattle, but the dust and heat killed one of them in three weeks. We bought another for $20 and got through with 4 Yoke in verry good condition.

We left Marys River 230 miles down and took the California and Oregon road which is further but has less travel on it. We got to Lawsons[28] Settlement on the Sacrimento River Sept 25 and to Readings Diggins Sunday the 30th, 70 miles above and 4 miles west of the River in a perfect Mountainous country. We are 200 miles above Sacrimento City whis[ch] is at the head of navigation and tide water and is 200 miles above San Francisco. Last Spring it had but one house in it; now it has 10 thouson Inhabitants.

We have nine of us in Company at present, Tucker, Holland Wood, and Cullen of Washington, Jackmans partner that he took in at St Joes, Benj and Jesse OBrien, Horrace and myself from Groveland.[29] We left Holland at Lawsons with 4 Yoke of ox[en] and 2 waggons, put our provision in one waggon, and with the other 5 Yoke come here. Got here last Sunday [()a week today). Monday morning 5 of us went 1½ miles down one of the 5 creeks in theese diggins and worked hard all day and got nothing. Tuesday we went again and got 6 dollars worth. Wednesday 7 of us went and left one at the camp and [got] $70, Thursday we raised $134, Friday 117, and yesterday 162 making in the first week near $500. It is verry hard work, and there is but few average an ounce a day. How long we shall stay here or where we shall go when we do leave, I know as little as you do. But you will direct your

Letters to Sacrimento City. I sent an order to the P.M. by J. Hittle[30] to forward all that is there up. Cullen and I start tomorrow for the City for a load of provision. Shall not seal this til I get there.

Chum had a hard time on a desert of 70 miles. He lay down to Die one night and howled for some time. I tried to coax him along but he would not get up. We had but 12 miles further to go til we would find Water. I took about a pint (the last we had) and carried it back 1½ miles to him, which so revived him that he got along 7 miles further, when he lay down again, Howled and whined, but would not come along. I beged a pint of Water of Jackman for him which gave him strength to get through and he is now with Holland.

Have just received an invitation to a Funeral at half past 4 oclock. They are of dayly occurrence. But the greatest distress is back on the road. We got through in advance of most of it. I dont think over 1000 Teams beat us through. The settleers of this Country are sending out two hundred thousand dolls worth of provision and cattle to the Emigrants on the Road.

But few regard the Sabbath. Our company of 9 Persons that I have named have agreed to not go into the mines to work on the Sabbath. Death for the 2d offence of Stealing here.

Hope you will write often. I will answer anyone that will write. Have not heard from Home since I left St Joes. Uncertain how soon I can send another Letter down to the City. Here, Pork, Flour, Beans, and Sugar is one dollar pr Pound.

Sacrimento City, Oct 18, '49.

Dear Sarah:

I got into this City of Tents and Canvass Houses this morning and the first man I met that I knew was our old Friend Thorp. He is here with his Family, Teaming and keeping a Boarding House. Told me where I could find his Tent and if I would stop with him my Fare should be verry cheap, but I have been running about all day to find where I can do the best in buying our provisions. Cullen is with me. We went to the post Office the first place arfter getting in but found nothing for us. There has been no mail here for two months and may not [be] for two to come. There is but little attention paid to the mails. I shall not, in all probbability, be here again til Spring, and I was in hopes of finding some Letters and papers here, but it seems if I am to know any thing that is transpireing at Home I will have to go there.

I saw Thomas Briggs three dayes ago. He is going to the diggins with us. Rob[t] Briggs is here and sick. He will leave in a day or two for Home and kindly offers to deliver this to you. I wish I had earned something that I could spare to send You, but our load of 30 Hundred will cost us over four Hundred dollars which is about all we have. We have found all we want to buy. Shall be able to get our load and leave here to morrow.

A number of Pioneers have Died lately. Col May of Peoria Died here about 3 weekes ago.

I would like very much to be in Groveland unobse[r]ved a few dayes to see how people manage things and what is said and done. I would like to know, too,

how Our Children spend their time, especially Charley and Josephine. They are able to help their Mother a great deal and I hope they do. Charlotte, I suppose, learns as fast as any of her age, and beats them climbing fences, Trees, Houses, and wearing out clothes. Hellens black eyes, I hope, sparkle as bright as ever. I suppose she goes to school, and I suppose Hannah gets lonesome and wants to go to school too. I hope they will all be good Chillren and remember that it [is] for them that I stay in this unproductive, unhealthy and un Christian Country.

Briggs will (if you ask him) give you a better description of the City, country, people, &c than I can in a Letter, and all I will say about it is that I would not give Tazewell County for all the Land I have seen this side the Missouri River, except the Gold region, and I will never recommend the over Land route to get here, for it is Death to many and the next thing to Death to all that come this route. I am told that the road from the Sink of Marys[31] over the mountains is blocked up with Snow, and that all the ballance of the Emigration will have to come the road that I come. If this be true, hundreds must perish.

It is about 10 oclock at night. [We] are in the Waggon. Cullen has just finished his Letter and I must mine. Give my respects to all, and especially to my Corespondents. I intend to dig a little for each of the children if they are good and I have not forgot who else I promised to dig for. I have slept out many nights with but one Blanket and only my Boots for a pillow.

Ever Yours
C. G. Hinman

I should like to receive a Letter from Doct Alexander Dodge, John, Walter, or any one that would take the trouble to write.

California, Jan 16th, 1850.

Dear Sarah:

Not haveing heard from Home since I left the States, I hardly know what to write, but a man from Napierville, Ill. starts for Home to morrow, goes through Peoria, and takes Letters for fifty cents a piece, and I think it my duty to write. When I wrote last, Cullen and I was at Sacrimento City for a load of provision. We had got about one half the way back to the mines, when we received notice from our Company to wait til they come along as they had concluded to winter further South. We waited two weeks for them. At the same time the fall Rains came on and raised Sacrimento River so high they could neither cross it or get down with an Ox team. We, not expecting to see them again this winter, thought we would act for ourselves. We sold the Load for double the cost, returned to the City, bought a load, and went to the mines 50 miles east, borrowed a Tent to store them in, cut and hauled Logs for a cabin, and returned to [the] City for another load of provision, where we found the rest of our company. They had sold the Oxen, left the Waggon and dug out canoes, lashed them together, and brought our clothes and tools down in them.

[Two] of them (Wood and McMahill[)] concluded to winter in the city, the rest (seven of us) bought another load of provision, took what clothes and Tools we need for the Winter, and started again for the Mines.

We have built a cabin 50 mls from City within two miles of the South fork of the American River.[32] Seven of us are in company in the provisions and all Live together. One brings the Water, three cut the wood, and three do the cooking. I am one of the cooks. Ben and Jesse OBrien are all the partners I have in digging. We have been to work here about a month and have dug about two hundred dollars worth a piece. We shall probbably stay here two or three months longer, when I think we shall go far into the mountains, where we hope (if the mountain Fever and Indians spare us) to make our pile and get Home in two years. But we have not decided for certain where we will go in the Spring. We can everage in the Summer about here and on the River only about one Oz of Gold per day which is worth here but sixteen dollars. We think it insufficient to pay, when we take every thing into account. Gold is being dug in this country all along from North to the South for nine hundred miles and where the richest portion is is not known. We may find a rich deposit and we may only make our liveing. We can make but little at present on account of the Rain which falls nearly every day.

I suppose that within five miles of us are five thousand Inhabitants. I see many men every day, but form no acquaintances. I have not spoken with a Woman since I have been in the Country. I saw H. Kneeland in S. City. Said he expected his Daughter would spend

the winter in Groveland. H. Tarbell sold the most of Jackmans things at the first mines we went to and while I was gone to the City. He sold them without leting any of our company know of it, and what there was or what they brought I dont know.

I can give you no advice with regard to things at Home as I know not the state they are in. There is an indipendant mail line from here to Sanfrico.[33] I sent by it six weeks ago and it was to return in three weeks, but it has not come yet. I agreed to give 50 cents for each paper and 2[.00] for each Letter. News papers sell here at 1 dollar a piece. The water courses here have been verry high. The whole of Sacrimento City is 15 feet under water. It is now nearly noon. It has been snowing all the morning but melts as fast as it falls. It has froze water a few nights ½ inch thick. My health has been verry good the most of the time, but mining is the hardest and dirtiest work I have ever done, and yet it is pleasant in some respects and verry exciting. The Gold is found from the size of the smallest dust to pieces that weigh a number of pounds. Six and seven dollars is the largest I have found. I send you anough to show the color.

Ever Yours
C. G. Hinman

It would be verry gratifying to me to get a Letter [from] you, but I see but little prospect of it.

I hope Charly and the Girls will be good to their Mother til I get back. I would send them some gold if I had any way to do it. Give my respects to all and write me all the changes that have taken place. C.G.H.

California, Feb 17th, 1850.

Dear Wife:

Haveing an opertunity of sending a Letter to Peoria by a man going to Chicago, I think it my duty to write, although I get no Letters from you and have but little to write that will interest you. I have sent two and three times a week to Sacrimento and San Francisco for Letters and Papers, but am disapointed every time. Week before last, about thirty of us gave a man five dollars a piece to go expressly for our Letters and papers, but he brought no news from Groveland, and all the news we do get is from the Tribune and Herald of New York, and we have to pay one dollar a piece for them. The price of bringing Letters from the Bay up here is two dollars, papers fifty cents.

We have had no Rain this month and I think we shall have no more til next fall. The snow fell to the depth of nine inches in January, but all was gone in three dayes. There has been none a few miles west of us and five miles East it stayes til June. About one half the Trees shed their leaves the forepart of Winter, but they are Budding out again. Wild Goose berries are in the Blow. This is a Beautiful pleasant Sabbath. We all have our Coats and Vests off and it seems like Summer. People are leavenig [leaving] their Winter quarters, and are scattering all over the Country.

We have not determined what we will do or where go. The snow will keep the streams up til June as it melts gradually on the mountains. I am in favor of going into the mountains til the strams get low, but it is considered unsafe to go in small companies and I do not know as we can get a company large anough to

ensure success. That there is abundance of Gold in the mountains I have no doubt, but to find it and dig it is attended with much fatigue and some danger. We can average only from 8 to 12 dollars per day here, not anough to pay for the privations and fatigue we have to endure to obtain it. The most Ben, Jesse and I have dug in one day is 125 dolls. We may continue to make our Cabin our head quarters and work in the neighbourhood a year longer. I am confident we would be more likely to enjoy good health to do so, but not so likely to make so much money, but I shall let you know as often as I can what we are doing.

I give the man 50 cents to carry this to Peoria prefering to trust it with him to the mail. I lay the blame of my getting no Letters all to the mail. I can account for it in no other way, for I can hardly believe there is not one in Groveland that is willing to spend an hour in writing to me. I would cheerfully pay 100 dolls for a Letter from Home. A mail will be here this week, but will it bring me any thing? I have been disapointed so much that I hardly dare hope. If I have an opertunity of sending by an acquaintance, I shall send you some money. I could spare 500 dolls now, but hardly dare send it by a stranger. I fear you will need some before I get Home. If you do, I would prefer to have you apply to Squire OBrien[34] than any one else as I am in company with his sons and if any thing should hapen to prevent my return, they will have charge of my Effects which, I hope, may be sufficient to pay all debts and help you some.

I shall have abundance of clothing to last as long as I expect to stay here except Boots. I have had to buy

two pair already (coarse ones) at 8 dolls a pair. We have liveed verry cheap this winter (in comparrison to Board) as we bought our provision in the City and hauled them with our own Team, except some fresh Beef which we pay 50 cents [a] pound for. Fresh Pork is 75 cents a pound. I think our provisions have not cost us more than one dollar and fifty cents a piece per-day, and we have liveed as well as they generly do at the boarding Houses in the mines. It is soon told what we live on, for it is only Flour, Pork and Beef, Beens, Rice, Sugar, Molasses, Vinegar, Coffee and Tea, and dried Apples. We have had no greater Luxuries than theese for 10 months. There is more in the market, however. Eggs 8 dolls a dozen, Butter 1 doll & 50 cents a pound, Potatoes 50 cents a pound, Apples 25 cents a piece, milk 1 dollar per quart, all little dainties proportionably high in price, which will not allow of our indulging in them.

I have lost Chum. I loaned him to Holland the first time I went to the City and when he went to the City, he lost him. I was verry sorry. He was so good a Guard he would not let any one come round in the night, nor an Indian in the day time. I still hope to find him. Give my respects to my Friends, if you know that I have any, and tel them they would confer a great favor by writing to me and direct to Sacrimento City.

Love to yourself

C. G. H.

Tel the Children I should like to see them all verry much. I expect they will be much altered in appearance by the time I return. I hope you will be able to tel me

they have been first rate Children. I keep all the presents they sent me, but find no market for their Jewelry or my Watches. How is Charlies Colt and old Ned?

I wish you to send the Children to School as much as you posably can. Write me about the Schools and every thing.

Yours

Chas. G. Hinman

NOTES

1 Hughes was a neighbor of Hinman's in Groveland. He later withdrew from the company. Neither the Journal nor the letters give Hughes' first name, nor, indeed, the first names of most of Hinman's associates. Where they are known, they will be mentioned.

2 Mess.

3 Cholera was widespread on the Plains during the summer of 1849 and was probably the cause of most deaths en route. Small pox appears to have been infrequent on the trail.

4 The only place Hinman mentions where he might have stayed overnight in a house was his brother's home near Canton, Illinois. Possibly his brother's name was Burton.

5 Linden.

6 Chum was a dog whose further adventures are described in later letters.

7 A writ to arrest a named person.

8 Jesse Jackman, also called Uncle Jesse, of Groveland.

9 Horace Tarbell, of Groveland.

10 Benjamin and Jesse O'Brien, sons of a Groveland neighbor later referred to as Squire O'Brien.

11 Current estimates are that about 30,000 persons crossed the Plains to California in 1849. Another 500 went to Oregon. See Dale L. Morgan, Ed.: *The Overland Diary of James L. Pritchard . . .* ([Denver] The Old West Publishing Company,' 1959), page 17.

12 Charles S. Hinman, then aged fifteen, the Hinmans' eldest child.

13 The emigrants who came from Groveland and the vicinity of Peoria called themselves the "Pioneers." Hinman had named his wagon the "Groveland Belle," while two other wagon names were "Star of Groveland" and "Grey Eagle of Peoria."

14 Probably the town of Washington, Tazewell County, Illinois. Holland remained with Hinman all the way through to California.

15 A village on the Missouri River downstream from St. Joseph.

16 Benjamin O'Brien.

17 Fort Childs was the original name of the "new" Fort Kearny. "Old" Fort Kearny is now Nebraska City. The site of Fort Childs had been selected in the fall of the preceding year and when Hinman's party passed it the fort was being constructed slowly.

18 A merchant in St. Louis.

19 Corral.

20 This was the Kickapoo Agency near the present town of Powhattan, Brown County, Kansas. The mission had been established by Father Van Quickenborne in 1836 nearer Fort Leavenworth, but moved farther west with the Kickapoos.

21 According to a count kept at Fort Kearny and reported by Morgan (*op.cit.*, pages 21-22), 300 wagons had passed by May 17 and 6,116 by June 24.

22 Captain Stewart Van Vliet.

23 This is the Journal in the Western History Department, The Public Library, Denver, Colorado.

24 Reading's Diggings (which has now vanished) was near the present Douglas City, Trinity County, California. It

was there that Major Pierson B. Reading, formerly an associate of John A. Sutter, made the first discovery of gold in the county on Clear Creek.

25 Now Tiskilwa, Bureau County, Illinois.

26 Burial in the road was a common practice of overland pioneers. It usually prevented discovery of the grave by either Indians or wolves.

27 Hinman measured the distances, as he states, but there is no accompanying sketch in his Journal.

28 A common contemporary spelling of Lassen. The settlement was in the Honey Lake Valley and was a popular halt on the trail.

29 In his letter of January 16, 1850, Hinman mentions the name of the ninth associate, McMahill. Cullen, incidentally appears elsewhere as Collins.

30 John Shertzer Hittell, journalist and author, was born in Pennsylvania, graduated from Miami University, and while living in Ottawa, Illinois, decided to join the 1849 gold rush. He spent the winter of 1849-50 at Reading's Diggings. By 1852 he was in California where his connection with the *Alta California* started him on a writing career.

31 Sink of the Humboldt. Frémont named the river in 1848; previously it had been called Ogden's, Mary's, or St. Mary's River.

32 Hinman was then camped between the present city of Folsom and Mormon Island on the South Fork of the American River.

33 San Francisco.

34 John O'Brien, one of the first settlers of Groveland. O'Brien's sons Jesse and Benjamin were among Hinman's companions.

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